

The Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR.

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

The Lawrence Journal sums up the difference in the results of Democratic and Republican policies in this convincing statement of facts. "The treasury department will, within the next few days, buy in government bonds to the amount of fifteen millions of dollars. These bonds were issued by President Cleveland to tide the country over the hard times that followed the passage of the Wilson tariff bill. What a terrible arraignment of Democratic doctrine this is! There is no need for argument; no long-drawn logic is necessary; the simplest mind can comprehend it. In Republican times, under a Republican tariff, we are paying the bonds issued by Democrats to pay current expenses under a Democratic tariff. No statement can present the case in a stronger, clearer light; no argument could be more powerful than this simple statement of fact. The man who can not read the lesson taught by it, and profit thereby, is indeed joined to his idols."

CARRIE NATION RAIDING TEXAS.

Carrie Nation may not be adding to the good name of Kansas, but she is getting in big ticks in the way of fame for herself. She is down raiding saloons in Texas. This is equivalent to bearding the lion in his den. Now Texas people don't know much about Kansas, and as a rule, don't want to know. It was but two or three years ago since the writer of this spoke to a citizen of Galveston of one of our notable women, Mrs. Lease. He had never heard of her. But this is a disgression. Texas, in localities, has plenty of saloons. Austin, its beautiful capital, has its share. Carrie landed in Austin the other evening. She was evidently looking for mischief. She didn't "shoot up" the town, but just stepped into a gilded resort for drink, and belonging to an alderman of the city, Bill Anderson by name. After she had rendered herself sufficiently conspicuous the proprietor asked her who she was. Striking an impressive attitude, with a flourish of her arms, she answered: "I am Carrie Nation, sir, and was never known to leave a hell hole until I got good and ready." Now here's where the lack of knowledge of Kansas people comes in. The proprietor had never heard of Carrie and her hatchet. Approaching her in a very quiet manner he laid one hand gently upon her shoulder and the other about her waist and asked her to please withdraw, intimating that one or the other must go. Upon her second refusal of Carrie Kansas female reformer, to the chagrin of Carrie and the disgrace of Texas, was landed in the gutter. The dispatches say that the speech that she thereupon made from the curbstone, upon which she had climbed, collected such a crowd as had to be dispersed by the police. Of course, Austin is located four or five hundred miles in the interior of the Lone Star State, where on account of alkali water beer must be resorted to, but Kansas protests that this unceremoniously tossing a little old crazy woman into the street by main force is not exactly up to the Bowie and Crockett standard of chivalry.

SOLOMON'S MINES ARE IN SPAIN.

The mines of Tarshish, where King Solomon got his gold and silver and precious stones, were situated in what is now the southwestern part of Spain, according to Prof. Paul Haupt of John Hopkins University, who has just returned from a tour of research abroad. There is no gold there now, nor precious stones, with which to decorate temples. Baron Rothschild is the present owner of King Solomon's mines, and he gets therefrom iron ore in profitable quantity.

Prof. Haupt has spent a good deal of his time abroad applying modern science to the interpretation of the Bible, and as a result has added a vast amount of data to his already abundant store. After discovering to his own satisfaction the mines of Tarshish in Spain he delved around the ancient workings and found specimens of cryolite of indescribable beauty. Putting two and two of known geological facts together, he believes that King Solomon perhaps used much of this cryolite to ornament his temples.

Prof. Haupt has discerned in his investigation of the Scriptures of the songs of Solomon were love ballads written before Solomon's time. He has prepared a work which has just been published, giving translations from the Hebrew of these writings.

Prof. Haupt is convinced of one important thing after giving no little attention to the Red Sea on his trip. This is the correctness of the assertion that the children of Israel "crossed the sea by land." Prof. Haupt explains there is nothing extraordinary about this, as the sea may be crossed at certain times now over places where the water is shallow or turns back. The Egyptians took advantage of one of these places probably, but the pursuing army's effort was ill-timed and it was caught in a storm and lost.

Prof. Haupt says the formation of the Red Sea is constantly changing and now differs greatly from what it was centuries ago.

THE GRAND CANYON'S WATER POWER.

The Grand Canyon of Colorado affords the greatest opportunity for the generation of electric power. Below the Santa Fe hotel, on the canyon brink, are the Indian Garden Springs which, in ordinary seasons, have a flow of nearly 100 millions of gallons of water over a cliff 3,000 feet high. In Cataract canyon the stream's flow approximates 10,000 millions of gallons usually, making three great leaps of 70, 114 and 250 feet respectively. It has been proposed to utilize the power of the Colorado by floats equipped with great paddle wheels. It is likely that the river will be harnessed through channels that will carry the waters by a slight grade to where a greater fall can be secured. There is a place near

Base trail where a half mile tunnel would cut off twelve miles of river channel and secure a fall of about 140 feet.

GOOD WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

There is nothing in the history of love more attractive than the picture of the ideally happy married lives enjoyed by some of our greatest men or more touching than the tribute they paid to the women who filled their days with sunshine. Indeed, if one were asked to present a picture of the sublimity of married happiness it would be only necessary to recall the scene in which Charles Kingsley, within a few days of his own death, having escaped from his sick room, sat for a few blissful moments by the bedside of his wife, who was lying seriously ill in the next room. Taking one of her hands tenderly in his he said, in a hushed voice: "Don't speak, darling. This is heaven."

Few men, great or small, have been happier in their married life than John Bright, and the story of his unconsolable grief when his wife, "the sunshine and solace of his days," was taken from him, forms one of the most pathetic pages of human history. "It seems to me," he pitifully said, "as though the world was plunged in darkness, and that no ray of light could ever reach me again this side the tomb."

The late Dean Stanley, it is said, worshipped the very ground of his wife, Lady Augusta, trod on, and many are the compliments he paid her. "If I were to epitomize my wife's qualities," he once said, "I couldn't do it better than in the words of a cabman who drove us on our honeymoon. 'Your wife,' he said to me, 'is the best woman in England'—and I quite agree with him."

"Why should you pity me?" Mr. Fawcett, the blind postmaster-general, remarked to a friend who had expressed sympathy with him in his affliction. "My wife is all the eyes I want, and no man ever looked on the world through eyes more sweet or true."

Dr. Pusey's too brief married life was also crowded with happiness, and his wife's memory was his one solace during the forty-three years he survived her. To his dying day the very sight and smell of the veronica plant affected him to tears for it was a sprig of veronica he offered to Miss Barber when he asked her to marry him—"the most sacred and blissful moment" of his life.

William Corbett was very properly proud of his wife, the brave and devoted woman who was, in his words, the best helpmate an underserving man ever had. Whatever mistakes I have made in my life—and they have been many and great—she has never had a word of blame for me, nothing but sweet sympathy and consolation. The price of such a wife should indeed be far above rubies."

Dr. Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln, said that his wedded life had been "as near perfection as was possible this side of Eden." "Their children," a friend once wrote, "can never remember a day or even an hour when, even in surface matters, the perfect harmony was infringed upon." "and a favorite joke with the bishop was that he and his wife had never been 'reconciled'—for the happy reason that they had never quarrelled."

MISS STONE'S RANSOM MONEY.

The possible employment of the money secured as ransom for Miss Stone to pay the cost of the present uprising in Macedonia is noted by the Springfield Republican, which says: "It would be no extreme remark to say that the Miss Stone ransom money has furnished the financial basis for the insurrection just announced in Macedonia. Insurgents in that reason do not require a very great amount of financing, and 3,000 peasants in the Balkans could easily take the field for a while on \$100,000. Still, it would be a remark unsupported by positive proof, although it is universally believed that Miss Stone was kidnapped by leaders of the Macedonian cause for the sole purpose of aiding their projects."

ORIGIN OF "WATERED STOCK."

The expression "watered stock," which describes so well the expansion of the stock of a company beyond the value of property, originated, it is said, in connection with Daniel Drew, who was once the wealthiest and most unique manipulator in Wall Street. Drew had been a drover in his younger days, and it was said of him that before selling his cattle in the market he would first give them large quantities of salt to make them thirsty and then provide them with all the water they could drink. In this way their weight was greatly increased and the purchaser was buying "watered stock."

The new ballot is not difficult, if the voter keeps this in mind: If you wish to vote for all the men on the Republican ticket, put a cross-mark in the circle under the eagle, but under no circumstances, make any other mark on the ballot; if you want to vote for individuals on different tickets, keep out of the circle and use the squares at the candidates' names.

When Professor Lorenz in operating on the child at Frisco broke the child's leg, he said the accident would help, rather than hurt. This proves that the Austrian brand of gall is fully equal to that produced in any other country.

The specialists are now coming to the conclusion that a morning nap is a good thing. The people who can afford to take the morning nap beat the specialists to this discovery about three hundred years.

So many people have been convinced in the past that Roosevelt would make a mistake and he has made so very few that hereafter the country will sit back and watch for results before saying anything.

It should be said for General Miles, that in all likelihood, the man who stole his valise in Honolulu, did not for a minute know that it belonged to as great and good a man as General Miles.

A vote for the Republican ticket this year strengthens Roosevelt in 1904. Can you spare the four years from 1904 to 1908? Do you want prosperity to continue during that period?

The valuable vote election day is the one that is cast early in the morning. Every vote cast in the morning aids the organization in getting out more votes in the afternoon.

After two thousand years' existence Croesus' fame ought to have been secure, but J. Pierpont Morgan is making the ancient's name look rather pale.

That Danish landsting may yet see the day when it will have to mark those West Indies down to 99 cents before we will look that way.

Roosevelt makes sure that he is right and then goes ahead. And he doesn't spend over three seconds selecting the route either.

This is the new ballot in brief: "For a straight ticket use only the circle; for a mixed ticket use only the squares."

Prosperity having been obtained must be protected. The election this year is preliminary to the battle of 1904.

You can not afford to be indifferent to politics this year. It is your duty to vote.

MR. GRADY FROM OHIO.

When Mr. Grady, the Canton, Ohio, cigar manufacturer, struck Chicago he looked up Judge Lynch. John J. Lynch was a "good thing" for he "knew the town" and had a free-and-easy habit of showing it to strangers. So when Grady of Canton looked up in Lynch's office and proclaimed himself the Judge uttered an official message from the heart department and took the Ohioan out to see the sights.

It was Tuesday morning and they began with Pink Label, or some other kind of champagne, that set the Judge back at the rate of \$3 a bottle. Grady seemed to like the going, and every time that Lynch lined him up for a fresh start he almost broke through the barrier trying to get ahead of the salt. At the end of the third day, while Grady was singing "The Holy City" with a chorus of teamsters in the rear of Schumacher's carriage, Judge Lynch became involved in philosophical converse with the bartender, and seemed surprised when the latter intimated that the Ohioan had already absorbed about 300 wet ones over the Schumacher bar, but hadn't spent a cent.

"Is that so?" mused Lynch. "Come to think of it now, I don't remember ever seeing him unbelt." He went back to join in the applause, and they all stood round the Ohio man waiting for him to say something. He looked at Lynch and whispered, "Well, Missus, is it up time?" The Judge said it was, and the Canton cigar man laid two nickels on the counter and said, "Gistrick!" The next day when Grady trotted down for a cold bath he was arrested by a plain-clothes man, who intimated that the charge was "plundering a lady." As the prisoner hadn't any particular recollection of what he had done the day before, he could think of nothing better than to call up his friend Lynch, who promptly came to the rescue, "arranged" for Mr. Grady's appearance, and, having got rid of the "officer," proceeded to resume the management of the Ohioan's affairs, but Grady was scarcely ready for the hot air when the attendant came in, and said that Mrs. Grady wanted to talk to him over the long-distance telephone. He went into the booth and began: "That you Mary?"

Mary—Yes. That you, Mary? Grady—Yes. What's the matter? Mary—Nothing—how are you? Br-r-r-r-r. Grady—I'm all right. Feeling bully, never better in my life. I'm with Lynch.

Mary—Well, I didn't want to scare you—br-r-r-r-r—repeated in the morning paper that you've got the small-pox.

Grady—Oh, nonsense. Nothing the matter with me—Mary—Br-r-r-r—plans works burned down this morning—br-r-r-r—put ten more men to work in the cigar factory—br-r-r—

Then the connection broke, and Grady, wondering what Mary meant by such a foolish message, was going for his bath when a messenger boy came in with a bill for \$50 for long distance tolls. Grady paid it as if it belonged to him, but he didn't notice that Lynch followed the boy upstairs. Two or three hours later the attendant awoke him with a telegram on which there was \$2 charges. It read like this:

Canton, Ohio, Sept. 30.—To Frank Grady: Quarantine declared off. Business has opened in full blast. Three hundred men at work rebuilding the piano works. Was talking to our neighbor the Mayor. He says it is the making of the town. I put three more men to work on that new brand and hired six more salesmen. Everything all right. Don't worry. Hoping you are sleeping well. I'll look for you about Christmas or New Year, MARY.

He read it over and concluded that Mary was going crazy. But he got more telegrams later in the day, all C. O. D., and all incoherent, trifling or full of sensational news. He might have suspected something, but each showed some knowledge of his affairs that nobody but Mary could have. The time set for his trial was 4 in that afternoon, and Lynch went with him to the courtroom in West Madison street, where he was ushered into a dingy apartment, dense with tobacco smoke and full of men. The Judge was waiting and the jury seemed to be ready when Grady appeared.

"Is this the prisoner?" asked his honor. "Yes, your honor," replied Lynch. "Well, we've heard all the evidence, and there is no doubt in my mind that this man O'Grady—Grady, is it?—that Grady is guilty. I shall fine you \$50 and—"

"Just a moment, your honor," exclaimed Lynch, and putting the terrified Grady into a seat, he approached the bench and whispered a few words to the court. "Clear the room!" shouted his honor, and at once the bailiff drove everyone but Lynch, Grady and the Judge from the place.

"Approach," said the court. "This gentleman, whom I know, intimates that you are willing to plead guilty." Grady looked pleadingly at his friend. "If so," continued the court, "if you admit having insulted this lady—Miss Jones—and if you plead guilty to the additional charge of having attempted to steal her purse, I—as yes, I'll do it. I'll remit your fine to \$5. Will you plead?"

"Lynch nodded 'yes,' and Grady, with his soul in his eyes, counted out the money. "Five more and costs," said the court, and it was paid.

"Did I do it, Lynch? Did I insult anybody?" gasped Grady as he went out, dazed, into the sunlight. "I guess you did, old man," laughed Lynch. "You pleaded guilty, didn't you?"

"The worst part of the banquet that night and Grady was placed in the seat of honor under a life-size crayon portrait of himself. He didn't know where it came from. He was beginning to get wobbly as to his cupola. Those telegrams, that long distance phone, the trial, the fine, had eaten into his finances till he was painfully conscious of having lost \$10 left. Lynch insisted, however, that the banquet was on Grady, and as the room was full of men greeting him with handshakes and cheers, he didn't know how to get out of it. The revelry had started, when a boy brought another telegram.

"Come home. Need your judgment on stock at once. If you need money wire me, but leave tonight if possible. Business good, Mary."

That's what it said, but he was so anxious to escape from the banquet that he broke away from the crowd and told Lynch that he must leave immediately to catch the midnight train. They let him go, but when his footsteps died away Mr. Lynch wrote and sent the following "read" telegram.

"Mrs. Mary Grady, Canton, Ohio. Leave tonight for home with a large portrait of myself. Frank Grady." Then they shipped the crayon picture to Mary and finished the banquet on what was left of Grady's \$5 dollar "fine."

JOHN H. RAFTERY.

Characteristics of Feet.

(From the Chicago Journal.)

Scientists are always discovering new things in which we differ from the people of Europe. The latest of these is feet.

The French foot is narrow and long. The Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved—thanks to its Moorish blood—corresponding to the Castilian pride of being "high in the instep." The Arab's foot is proverbial for its high arch. The Korean says that a stream of water can run under the true Arab's foot without touching it. The foot of the Scotch is high and thick, that of the Irishman flat and square, the English short and fleshy.

When Athens was in her zenith the Grecian foot was the most perfectly formed foot and exactly proportioned to that of any of the human race. Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans have the largest feet, Americans the smallest. Roman toes are "webbed" to the first joint. Tartarian toes are all the same length.

The Lack of Reserve.

(From Success.)

"He had no reserve." How often we hear this expression on "Change or in the Street when a firm has failed or when a business man has been pushed to the wall! It would make a fitting epitaph for the grave of many a failure. A man without reserve is like a condensed, leaky vessel. On a calm day it can be towed from port to port, but it would be utterly helpless in a storm.

Many fall from lack of reserve of education, of early training, of solid, ingrained habit. Others fall from lack of reserve of savings of capital. Many have gone down from the lack of character reserve, of health-reserve, of friendship-reserve. It pays to store up reserve of every kind, to be prepared for every emergency. Too exhausting effort, too extravagant expenditure, too reckless daring or too much reliance on unknown factors leave no margin of reserve, so that a slip would mean a certain fall.

Depends Upon Circumstances.

(From the Chicago Record-Herald.)

"Do you give me credit for wisdom?" asked the Judge. "Certainly," replied the lawyer who had just started on his way to court and was weary and grumpy.

"Well, just remember," said the Judge, "that a word to the wise is sufficient."

FUN OF THE WORLD.

The preacher who was called in to officiate at the funeral deemed it his duty to eulogize the deceased. He had proceeded some distance with his laudatory remarks when an astonished friend of the dead man leaned over to an acquaintance and whispered: "Say, Billy, are there two funerals here today?"

Roderick is a better horse hunting days have been many, but who, of late years, has lived a sybaritic existence with soft rugs and delicacies predominant. Bobbie is a five-year-old of good impulses, but with an occasional outcropping of aboriginal traits.

He and Roderick are usually on most loving terms; Roderick licks his face and now and then he bites Roderick's ear. Their affection has acquired a quasi-official character by reason of Bobbie's membership in one of those juvenile organizations which enjoin uniform kindness to dumb creatures. The insignia of Bobbie's connection with the prevention of cruelty band is a gold-plated star of the first magnitude, that is, about the size of a butter-plate.

Bobbie and Roderick engaged in a hand-to-paw struggle recently for the possession of one of the youngster's shoes. Roderick being victorious, Bobbie dissolved in tears in his mother's lap. Suddenly he arose and began lugging at the stitching in the sole.

"Take it off, take it off," he cried. "Roderick's got my shoe," he sobbed, "and I'm going back to kick him."

A would-be poet recently remarked at his club: "I have written a great number of poems, but I do not propose to have them published until after my death." "Hurrah!" shouted a chorus of friends, raising their glasses. "Here's long life to you, old man!"

It is related that when Col. David Brener Henderson, who has declined to run again for representative to congress, was a lieutenant in the Twelfth Iowa, at the battle of Corinth, he noticed a soldier whose gun had been clogged and which refused to work. The poor fellow, in the belief that he would surely be killed with a useless weapon in his hand, became woefully excited, and began to trample as with an axe. "You infernal fool," shouted Henderson, forgetting conventionalities for the moment, "here, why don't you pick the tube out with a pin, same as you do when you're shooting prairie chickens?"

The word prairie chickens, in the ear of this native of Iowa, sounded so good, that it immediately brought him to himself. He at once cleaned his gun and went into the fight. At the end of the battle, the man who had cleaned his gun, had been shot in the hip, and Henderson had received the shot in his left foot which now compels him to wear an artificial leg. When the two happened to meet afterward, Colonel Henderson said: "Well, old boy, that prairie chicken saved your life. If it didn't your hip."

A visitor asked the late James Tinsot one day whether the picture he was at work on was intended to illustrate the time of Christ. The artist replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the visitor, "permit me to call your attention to an error. Aloes, such as you have in your picture, did not exist in the Mediterranean region till after the conquest of Mexico and Spain." Tinsot promptly took his brush and altered the picture.

Mr. Shaw, the telephone company is going to place a pole in front of my residence. I won't have it. What shall I do? These outbursts greeted the present Secretary of the Treasury one day some years ago, as he was seated in his office.

"Excuse you a occupy the ground in front of your residence?" the company leaves, I see no redress," remarked Mr. Shaw. "Have you any man in your employ?"

"Yes, two Polish gardeners," answered the irate property owner. "Then place into the hole a Pole of your own," suggested the secretary.

When questioned about the story the citizen explained that he got his Poles there and the company moved on.

Stories of the adventures of the Boer Generals in England are multiplying. One of them is vouched for by a correspondent of the London Daily News, and would lend a new point to the old phrase, *aut Diabolum, aut Nilulius*. It is to the effect that when Mr. Chamberlain and Gen. De Wet were introduced, the Colonial Secretary addressed the Boer General as "Mr. De Wet." "General," corrected De Wet. Mr. Chamberlain repeated the "Mr.," whereupon De Wet remarked, sternly: "General, or nothing!" and the Colonial Secretary had to follow the example of Lord Kitchener, and recognize the military status of De Wet before the ubiquitous one would shake hands.

"Gentlemen," recently said a German professor who was showing his students the patients in the asylum. "This man suffers from delirium tremens. He is a musician. It is well known that blowing a brass instrument affects the lungs in such a way as to create a great thirst, which has to be allayed by persistent indulgence in strong drink. Hence, in course of time, the disease you have before you." Turning to the patients, the professor asked: "What instrument do you blow?" and the answer was: "The violinello!"

Tom Edison was at one time a tramping telegrapher. After he had attained success as an inventor he on one occasion called upon a friend of his who was a doctor and expressed considerable feeling because he had not received an invitation to attend a banquet in honor of visiting physicians.

"But," faltered the doctor, "this is a banquet for medical men, and you certainly do not claim to be a member of that organization!"

"Well," answered Mr. Edison seriously, "I myself was a dispatcher at one time."

"Ah, I understand now," said the doctor, catching the humor of his visitor, "but these men are patchers."

Literature and Conception.

(From the London Graphic.)

In the fortnightly Review M. Max Nordau maintains the surprising thesis that success in creative literature can only be won by men who have no competing employments to divide their interests and impede the concentration of their brains. It is beyond doubt the dream of every man of letters to be able time to devote to the study of his art; but it is strange that M. Nordau should have overlooked the long list of those who have had other things besides literature to attend to and yet have produced work that lives. Shakespeare, the actor-manager; Milton, the Lord Protector's Latin Secretary; Charles Lamb, the India office clerk, are only a few of the cases that he might have recalled. He should also have thought of Dickens, who was a reporter when his first imaginative work was written; Thackeray, who divided his time between fiction and work for the comic papers; and Charles Kingsley, who wrote "Westward Ho!" while a country parson, and M. Zola, who was Hachette's clerk when he wrote the "Contes a Nisou."

The quantity of the work may have suffered in some of these cases from the author's alternative interests and duties, but it is hard to believe that the quality has suffered too. The rule, in short, if rule it be, is swamped by rather more exceptions than even the rules about the genders in French grammar.

A Very Delicate Dispute.

(From the London Telegraph.)

Rather an amusing discussion on the subject of low dresses has lately been carried on in the columns of a Parisian contemporary. She knows how much it is best to show, says the poet, but it must be admitted that this does not altogether settle the question of "decollatage." One writer asks how it comes about that a woman who would deeply resent an immodest glance when she is taking a morning walk can compromise her appearance with bare neck and arms in the evening. This is a contradiction for which, as must be confessed, it is not easy to find a plausible explanation.

"Decollatage," another maintains, is a simple matter of climate and season. The fact which was made over very distinctive last night he applied to the courage: "The makers will at this rate soon be sending only the 'MIL' article being inevitable. Another authority tells us that the first decollatage given of which mention is made in the history of costume was that worn by Queen Isabeau of Bavaria. The fashion was at its height in the time of the Valois kings and flourished again considerably during the reigns of Louis IV, and his successors. It was not to be put down by the Revolution, which created such havoc among other customs, and now it seems to run less risk than ever of disappearing."

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Newkirk is figuring on being a division point on the Santa Fe, and also scenic shops.

Assistant Secretary of the Interior Thomas Ryan will visit the Indian Territory this week.

Last week Chris Farrell was buried at Newkirk. All efforts to find any of his relatives failed.

Prosperity is an issue in Oklahoma this year. For immediate statehood means greater prosperity.

A musical club has been organized at Newkirk by the musicians of the city. It is to be called the Euterpean.

Jerre Johnson, designated the next election as "one of the most important held in an off year since the civil war."

When a good many Democrats get in the booths a week from Tuesday they will conclude that Indian Territory can buy its own lands.

Tom Doyle's law library at Perry was damaged by fire the other night to the amount of \$300. The fire is said to have been incendiary.

This is the first campaign in a long time in Oklahoma that there has been absolutely no supply of Democratic sarsaparilla among Republican harmony on tap.

Probably the disappearance of the wolf hunt in Oklahoma in the last year is caused by the fact that the hunters finally discovered that the circle never caught a wolf.

Even Oklahoma has begun to get old. Some of the candidates for county office in the territory were only 12 and 15 years of age when original Oklahoma was opened.

Occasionally the newspapers announce where some settler has gathered up his family and pulled out for north-west Canada. That kind of a citizen is not hunting for statehood.

Boys can just be naturally, testotally tough when they feel like it. At Dover the school house had just been freshly plastered. A lot of kids got inside and cut names all over the walls.

Mrs. E. J. Cameron of Garber, went out to Woodward county to visit her claim the other day. She found that some one had broken into her house and stolen everything but a calico dress and a dish towel.

C. B. Ames in his speeches against McGuire says: "One thing is certain. The election of McGuire is a declaration that we want double statehood. We will not get single statehood by electing a double statehood delegate."

The other day at Kingfisher a Democrat made the statement that it was a shame that J. Pierpont Morgan was campaigning in the territory in the interest of McGuire. Investigation proved that the Democrat had asked Dick Morgan for the Croesus.

Evil Events: McGuire's election means statehood for Oklahoma, low taxes, abundant school funds, prosperity. The student of the Democratic nominee means no statehood for five or six years, but if it could be secured, statehood with the Indian Territory, burdensome taxes, dissatisfaction, no school funds.

Speaking of increased traffic Dennis Flynn says that his baby boy got off a good sermon on prosperity recently. The boy was traveling with his father, and a town being reached, tried to see what it looked like from the car window. He turned to his father and complained: "Taps, it ain't any fun to travel now, when you look out you can't see nothing but cars, cars, cars."

George A. Waters writing from the Philippines to his parents in Newkirk, says: "Yesterday a party of us went out hunting and killed a wild hog. I had a slice of it this morning and it was excellent. It was the first fresh pork I have had since leaving home. You want to have lots of hogs and put up lots of meat this year, so when I get home I can fill up on pork once more. I have eaten so tired of beef, I don't want to see any more for a while."

Colonel Stovall of Cleveland, recently visited his old home in Carroll county, Missouri. There was presented to him a copy of a local paper which had belonged to him over twenty-five years ago. In the old days they had covered the pulp in the church with velvet and Stovall suggested that they place a newspaper under the velvet. This was done and Stovall furnished the local paper for that purpose. The pulp was torn down while he was there and the paper restored to him.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

It is to be hoped that the Prince of Nam will be able to get through Kansas without anybody asking him if he is any relation to the twins.

This is the banner year for the Sumner county high school, at Wellington. It has 190 more pupils than any other county high school in Kansas.

The late Hiram Ware, father of Eugene Ware, invented the army saddle which was adopted and used by the government during the civil war.

Chester L. Long is getting the largest crowds in the present campaign. In the seventh district people are turned away from nearly all his meetings.

Mrs. Foster, a sister of Mr. Childers', says that she believes it is pre-ordained that Mr. Childers will be elected United States Senator next winter.

A good many of the fusion candidates in Kansas already know what will stand well in conversation after the election: "Well, nobody can stand against a landslide."

In Atchison Balle Waggoner and John Beatson are making passes at each other and great alarm is felt that they will drift into joint debate before the campaign is over.

Story of an unheralded strike in the Wellington Monitor: "The pickers employed in George Blair's apple orchard at Mulvane went on strike for higher wages; and got them."

As the